THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. IV.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

IRISH MELODIES. NATIONAL AIRS.
SACRED SONGS.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.
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PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH VOLUME

THE recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me again to advert to those long past days; and, even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls "the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day," to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and

industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilised life; and seldom any where but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music-meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavoured vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter

extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy, — the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then wakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work; — flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of

that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value. About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society,—a sort of nursery to the authorised Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some

notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which, I recollect, was, "Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favourable to the advancement of science and literature?" while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded:—"Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took of course ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous

example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, "Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles." In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, "When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government *up* to the people?"

In a few months after, both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognised institution, called the Historical Society; and, even here, the political feeling so rife abroad contrived to mix up its restless

spirit with all our debates and proceedings; notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Provost and Fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent of these supporters of power were a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be through life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from the subjects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope

of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful, in this respect, were Emmet's speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, as well as belonging to a former race of renowned speakers, in that Society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate the mischievous impression they were thought to produce. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who gloried in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly

from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior,—for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave,—he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sate down.

It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a burlesque poem which I gave in, as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D. D." &c. &c. For this squib against the great Dons of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion was made in the following week to rescind this vote; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became

known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox *, and exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling †; or that another of those mournful strains ‡ would long be associated, in the

* "Let Erin remember the days of old."

† "Oh, breathe not his name."

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hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her * who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my first appearance in print as a champion of the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis then fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent;—the bold

* Miss Curran.

letters written by Emmet (the elder), under the signature of "Montanus," being the only compositions I can now call to mind, as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardour for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling more wakeful far than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured,

indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of The Press, a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long Letter, in prose, to the * * * * * of * * * *, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakspeare calls "the cockle of rebellion," and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honoured with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own Letter staring me full in the face, being honoured with so conspicuous a place as to be

one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the Letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been tempted by this to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article were considered by both to be "very bold."*

I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson †,—the only one, as I have said, en-

* So thought also higher authorities; for among the extracts from The Press brought forward by the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen, there are two or three paragraphs cited from this redoubtable Letter

† Of the depth and extent to which Hudson had involved himself in the conspiracy, none of our family had harboured the least notion; till, on the seizure of the thirteen Leinster delegates, at Oliver Bond's, in the month of March, 1798, we

trusted with my secret, called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw ——" Here he stopped; but the mother's eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That Letter was yours, then?" she asked of me eagerly; and, without hesitation, of course, I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connexion with that paper; and, as every wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

Though well aware how easily a sneer may

found, to our astonishment and sorrow, that he was one of the number

To those unread in the painful history of this period, it is right to mention that almost all the leaders of the United Irish conspiracy were Protestants. Among those companions of my own alluded to in these pages, I scarcely remember a single Catholic.

be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have yet ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchfulness, — the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home, — by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims.

In the mean while, this great conspiracy was hastening on, with fearful precipitancy, to its outbreak; and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views, even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that to the young and uninitiated like myself it should have opened prospects partaking far more of the wild dreams of poesy than of the plain and honest

prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching, when such self-delusions could no longer be indulged; and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

Of the horrors that fore-ran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I have neither inclination nor, luckily, occasion to speak. But among those introductory scenes, which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one, of a painful description, which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread, among the students, not only of the principles but the organisation of the Irish Union*, a solemn Visit-

* In the Report from the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension of the plot to the College is noticed as "a desperate project of the same faction to corrupt

ation was held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence, went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, except from conjecture, who those leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few,—and among that number,

the youth of the country by introducing their organised system of treason into the University."

poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two * * * * * *s *, whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

But there was one young friend of mine, * * * * * * *, whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any aris-

* One of these brothers has long been a general in the French army; having taken a part in all those great enterprises of Napoleon which have now become matter of history Should these pages meet the eye of General * * * * * *, they will call to his mind the days we passed together in Normandy, a few summers since;—more especially our excursion to Bayeux, when, as we talked on the way of old college times and friends, all the eventful and stormy scenes he had passed through since seemed forgotten

ing out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the college authorities must have possessed some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In the course of his examination, some questions were put to him which he refused to answer,—most probably from their tendency to involve or inculpate others; and he was accordingly dismissed, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects in life were blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was not merely expulsion from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of this whole day had been such as to send me to my home in the evening with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given affecting even the

lives of some of those friends whom I had long regarded with admiration as well as affection; and what was still worse than even their danger, —a danger ennobled, I thought, by the cause in which they suffered, — was the shameful spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them. Of these witnesses, the greater number had been themselves involved in the plot, and now came forward either as voluntary informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences of refusal to secure their own safety at the expense of companions and friends.

I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the ques-

l'Irlande vous fera juger ma foible production avec cette heureuse partialite qui impose silence à la critique: car, si je n'appartiens pas à l'Ile Verte par ma naissance, ni mes relations, je puis dire que je m'y interesse avec un cœur Irlandais, et que j'ai conserve plus que le nom de mes peres. Cela seul me fait esperer que mes petits voyageurs ne subiront pas le triste noviciat des étrangers. Puissent-ils remplir leur mission sur le sol natal, en agissant conjointement et toujours pour la cause Irlandaise, et amener enfin une ère nouvelle pour cette héroique et malheureuse nation:—le moyen de vaincre de tels adversaires s'ils ne font qu'un?

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the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. "How old are you, Sir?" he then asked. "Between seventeen and eighteen, my Lord." He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him, in an under tone of voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again addressing me, "suffer any one to remain in our University, who refuses to take this oath." "I shall, then, my Lord," I replied, "take the oath,—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described." "We do not sit here to argue with *you*, Sir," he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in

the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?" "No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings that took place in them?" "No, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made, in one of these societies, with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my Lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and, after a few words with him, said to me:—"When such are the answers you are able to give*, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first

* There had been two questions put to all those examined on the first day,—"Were you ever asked to join any of these societies?"—and "By whom were you asked?"—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences.

oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural." *

I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me; — not

* For the correctness of the above report of this short examination, I can pretty confidently answer It may amuse, therefore, my readers, — as showing the manner in which biographers make the most of small facts, — to see an extract or two from another account of this affair, published not many years since by an old and zealous friend of our family After stating with tolerable correctness one or two of my answers, the writer thus proceeds — " Upon this, Lord Clare repeated the question, and young Moore made such an appeal, as caused his lordship to relax, austere and rigid as he was The words I cannot exactly remember, the substance was as follows — that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman, that he knew not how to compromise these characters by informing against his college companions; that his own speeches in the debating society had been ill construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if truth had been spoken, that they were patriotic . . . that he was aware of the high-minded nobleman he had the honour of appealing to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances, — it would be his guidance." — HERBERT's *Irish Varieties* London, 1836.

so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; — it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

I have been induced thus to continue down to the very verge of the warning outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days which I ventured to commence in the First Volume of this Collection: nor could I have furnished the Irish Melodies with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in those times, and among the events then stirring, that the feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured.

I shall now string together such detached notices and memoranda respecting this work, as I think may be likely to interest my readers.

Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling, — such as "When he who

adores thee," and one or two more, — the most successful, in its day, was "When first I met thee warm and young," which alluded, in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiment of so beautiful an air by any connexion with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me: — "I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of 'entusymusy' and, in particular, that 'When first I met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog * * * * wanted you to omit part of it."

It has been sometimes supposed that "Oh, breathe not his name," was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald: but this is a mistake; the song having been suggested by the well

known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

The feeble attempt to commemorate the glory of our great Duke — "When History's Muse," &c. — is in so far remarkable, that it made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance: —

> And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
> The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known,
> Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
> Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
> At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
> Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame, &c.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp," was (as I have elsewhere acknowledged *) suggested, by a drawing made under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend so often mentioned in this sketch, Edward Hudson.

In connexion with another of these matchless airs,—one that defies all poetry to do it justice,—I find the following singular and touching statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She

* "When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the State Prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid a visit to Edward Hudson, in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain immured for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp which, some years after, I adopted as the subject of one of the 'Melodies.'"—*Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. i.

known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the pianoforte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox *, and exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud feeling †; or that another of those mournful strains ‡ would long be associated, in the

* "Let Erin remember the days of old."

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forced, in the dark days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own; — those, whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs: —

> Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
> The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
> That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain.

From a foreign lady, of this ancient extraction, —whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm, —I received, about two years since, through the hands of a gentleman to whom it had been entrusted, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valour, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favourite emblems of Erin, the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls containing each, inscribed

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Polish.—Selections, in the same manner, by Niemcewich, Kosmian, and others.

I have now exhausted not so much my own recollections, as the patience, I fear, of my readers on this subject. We are told of painters calling those last touches of the pencil which they give to some favourite picture the "ultima basia;" and with the same sort of affectionate feeling do I now take leave of the Irish Melodies, — the only work of my pen, as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is embalmed) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own.

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THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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IRISH MELODIES.

(CONTINUED.)

IRISH MELODIES.

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes — that now are turn'd to shame.

Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd — half flow'rs, half chains?

But come — if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill —
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still! *

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.—*Juvenal.*

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming, —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?

Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright —
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind: —
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours — if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes — if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, — if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.

While some — oh! ne'er believe them —
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips — but this is telling —
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up — where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone — and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more; —

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past — and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.*
But tho' they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why — this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

* La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous. — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:
When free yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.*

" Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
" Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
" For on thy deck, though dark it be,
" A female form I see;
" And I have sworn this sainted sod
" Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS, and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party, he refused to receive even a sister saint, St Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.*, page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

THE LADY.

" Oh ! Father, send not hence my bark,
" Through wintry winds and billows dark:
" I come with humble heart to share
" Thy morn and evening prayer;
" Nor mine the feet, oh ! holy Saint,
" The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour — what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup — what is it to us
How time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark —
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
" Though death beneath our smile may be,
" Less cold we are, less false than they,
" Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, — through endless space —
Through calm — through tempest — stop no more:
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or — if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet, —
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, sad one of Sion*, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."†

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews

† "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jer.* xv. 9

Ah, well may we call her, like thee "the Forsaken *,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tones mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance — yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City †
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

* "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken"—*Isaiah*, lxii. 4.
† "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover*,
The Lady of Kingdoms † lay low in the dust.

* "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the worms cover thee."—*Isaiah*, xiv 4.

† "Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—*Isaiah*, xlvii. 5.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup; — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;
Send round the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.

There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup — you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps — but breathe it to no one —
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tis n't less potent for being unlawful.
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden —
Fill up — there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup — for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition, — the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion —
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead!* whom we know by
the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move
like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie
dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth
are gone;

* Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more!

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed * for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane * curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me:
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost * ;—

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

* These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1820. It is only the two first verses that are either intended or fitted to be sung.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime —
Like a pyramid raised in the desert — where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him — hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head —

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him — through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same, —

Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined —
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather —
For ask yon despot, whether

His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell, —
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care —
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest —

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears —
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.*

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought —
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glenà's wooded shore.

He listen'd — while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest,
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

* Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,
"'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course thro' air
He hath been won down by them*;—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid†,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Glens‡, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

† "Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—*O'Halloran.*

‡ Glengariff.

And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious —
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through,
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.*

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this. †

* Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans,
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie

† The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. 1

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

p 213 The sincere pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American, to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth, have been long such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight —
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled! — and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

" Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
" Now turn and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

" Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, " there's none like thee,
" And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
" In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you;
"Lie hid — the stain of manly hearts,
"That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain, —
As Time too well hath taught her —
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river —
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.*

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.

* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." — *Leland*, vol. ii.

Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No — Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love, — as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No — beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It *is* not that cheek — 'tis the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim Lake*,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe"

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."— *Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round;
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.*

* The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning —

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart —
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
"Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
"And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, did I not fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

SING — SING — MUSIC WAS GIVEN

Sing — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."

Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing — sing — Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come, — if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—

Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name. —
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all; —
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free! —
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME — THE NINTH CENTURY

To-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up, —
But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy,
 go;
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet's weeping too!
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy,
 our own;
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on; —
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play,
The next — ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But — no matter — grasp thy sword and away,
boy, away;
No matter — grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra!
hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can be, —
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes, —
A fount that for ever flows!
The world's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round; —
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on. —

Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice — where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no, — her spell is vain, —
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps,
Where summer's wave unmurmuring dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush,
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy*, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
"Our destin'd home or grave?"*
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light thro' the wave was seen.

* "Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit"— *Keating.*

"'Tis Innisfail * — 'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

* The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

THE NIGHT DANCE

STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then, sound notes — the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!
Again! Again!
Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain! — to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding —
Again! Again!

Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown:
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay:
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see — the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude controul,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race*,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't cast from its base.

* The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing*;—

* "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene, —
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth, —
As sunny and as vain!

Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."— *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

LAY his sword by his side *, — it hath served him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave, —
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause — for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains, —
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"

* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

THE wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall*,
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout
From the vale without, —
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Ev'ry Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

* The Palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers, —
'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang,
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst* o'er them floated wide;
While rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory! victory!" — the Finian's cry.

* The name given to the banner of the Irish

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

THE dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, tho' chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er had'st lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.*

Silence is in our festal halls, —
Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more; —
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame, —
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

THE ADVERTISEMENTS

ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO THE DIFFERENT NUMBERS,

AND

THE PREFATORY LETTER ON IRISH MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO

THE FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

Power takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a Work which has long been a *Desideratum* in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompanients; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of

the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject: —

"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected*; and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, — very often without even the honesty

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest airs.

of acknowledgment, — we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude, — some minor Third or flat Seventh, — which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE THIRD NUMBER.

In presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, Power begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. Moore, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

Power respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an

Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country, — a Work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the mere arguments of well-intentioned but uninteresting politicians.

LETTER

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,

PREFIXED TO

THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. I know that, though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, you still continue to remember it well and warmly, —that you have not suffered the attractions of English society to produce, like the taste of the lotus, any forgetfulness of your own country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the

land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes,—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her,—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness."*

It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency,—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness,—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next,—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is

* A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time — *Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, for instance, when the strain is open and spirited, yet here and there shaded by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose*, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan takes us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth,

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660) See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49., and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

—like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile*, mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honours that await him abroad,—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look

* The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c. — *Asiatic Transactions*, vol. iii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindus. — What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs. — "Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens." — *Réflex. sur la Peinture*, &c. tom. i. sect. 45.

no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion* that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, Cries†, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity has been rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested

* Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's Work upon the Irish bards Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise*; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks†, or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.‡

By some of these zealous antiquarians it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point§; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the

* See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

† O'Halloran, vol. i. part iv. chap. vii.

‡ Id. ib. chap vi.

§ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. — The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound, and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its *practical* use, we must agree with Mersenne, (Préludes de l'Harmonie, quest 7.) that the *theory* of Music would be imperfect without it. Even in practice, too, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, (Observations on Florid Song, chap. i. sect. 16.) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are much too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts*; and it is in general now conceded, I believe, by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of

* The words ποικιλια and ἑτεροφωνια, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 3d vol of Histoire de l'Acad) M Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses), that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony, but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of this supposition, occurs in the Treatise (Περι Κοσμου) attributed to Aristotle — Μουσικη δε οξεις ἁμα και βαρεις, κ. τ. λ.

the fourth was wanting *,) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp † were enlarged

* Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequent occurrence of, what composers call, consecutive fifths, but this, I must say, is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not conversant with all the rules of composition If I may venture, indeed, to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has even, at times, appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with no small reluctance May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? — I have been told that there are instances in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths, and Mr Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

† A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs — "The Irish (says he) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundum the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.' — How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler. — "Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, cris-

by additional strings, that our airs can be supposed to have assumed the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale*, our music became by degrees more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

While profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its original character sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan, it appears, had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other great masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to any ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that

patis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam* "—Hist. Anglic. Script. page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

* The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "The Saint Stealer." It must have been some Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa. — See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part i. page 25.

curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation*; and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget†," the pure

* Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c which disgraces so often the works of even Handel himself D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation — *Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

† Virgil, Æneid, lib. vi. verse 204.

gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, — and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous*, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics, — as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin†),

* See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

† "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propinatur." — Lib. i. Confess. chap. xvi.

from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England, — to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, — like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered*, — to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description — I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not

* This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (*τραπεζοποιος*) to Alexander the Great — *Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. i.

through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers, — it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated, — of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection, which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought to this task an innate and national feeling, which it would be vain to

expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, on the contrary, they resemble, in general, those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes,

which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest;—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not well known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you now can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it. — May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

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TO

THE FOURTH NUMBER.

This Number of the Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of

opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn* to *Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than *all* the Philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, in general, perhaps, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The public are apt to be reserved towards new acquaintances in music, and this, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. It is, indeed, natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be somewhat slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, on the other hand, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every

variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas; and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has as rapidly rendered it into imagery and sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's Young Dream;*" but it will be found, I think, one of those easy and artless strangers whose merit the heart instantly acknowledges.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

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TO

THE FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much, I must add, from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, still more for our country's sake than our own, of the general interest which this purely

falling off, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. Both pride and prudence, therefore, counsel us to come to a close, while yet our Work is, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and thus, in the imperial attitude, "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg to say, however, that it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as good as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution (like those Indians who when their relatives become worn out, put them to death); and they who are desirous of retarding this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect their wish than by contributing to our collection, — not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of such, and they are, in general, *only* curious, — but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

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TO

THE SIXTH NUMBER.

In presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not turn out to be one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes occasionally of his mistress, merely to enhance, perhaps, the pleasure of their next meeting. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were nearly exhausted, and a natural unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the really precious gems it has been our lot to string together. The announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but

highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that should we adhere to our present resolution of publishing no more, it would certainly furnish an instance of forbearance unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been for many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us. We trust that neither he nor any other of our kind friends will relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for, though our work must now be looked upon as defunct, yet — as Reaumur found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead — it is just possible that we may, some time or other, try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.

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TO

THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

HAD I consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published, which contain the flower, perhaps, of our national melodies, and have now attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the

Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs*, — the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would too much resemble the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, — that I have been persuaded, though not without much diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

DEDICATION

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,

PREFIXED TO

THE TENTH NUMBER

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you, — who, though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared,— lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be other-

wise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consists, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonized airs of this Volume, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,
May, 1834.

NATIONAL AIRS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says "*naturâ ad modos ducimur;*" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, — or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers,—

is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

(Spanish Air.)

"A Temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden, — the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining
"An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;—
"But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
"We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him."
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove:
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden
"Who came but for Friendship and took away Love."

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

FLOW on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(Indian Air)

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall, —
The flower that drops in springing; —
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?

Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell,—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another, —
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious,—
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

(AIR — THE BELLS OF ST PETERSBURGH)

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone;—

Oh! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.

* This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems, — though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case, — where the metre has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.

Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(Italian Air)

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)
"Under the sun
"There's no such fun,
"As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
"Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud),
She liked him still better in that than his own,
Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

(SICILIAN AIR.)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.

'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR)

DOST thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us —never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest*
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—
"My life, my only life!" among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still inthral me,
Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
"Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
"For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be
"That Soul which never, never parts from thee!"

* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

OH, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heav'n and o'er the sea.

When maidens sing sweet barcarolles*,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

* Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise. — *Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(Scotch Air.)

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(Russian Air.)

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear,
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along,
Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

(Swiss Air.)

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
"Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail — 'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er, —
Love never came again!

THERE COMES A TIME.

(GERMAN AIR.)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light;—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(Swedish Air.)

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own;
Though thou art oft so full of pain
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH, NO — NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

(CASHMERIAN AIR.)

OH, no — not ev'n when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee *more*,
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(Scotch Air)

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rov'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love!
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,

But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR)

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, now sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
 Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
 O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss—
 The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
 That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.)

Love is a hunter-boy,
 Who makes young hearts his prey;
And, in his nets of joy,
 Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie —
 Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly —
 Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
 At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
 And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
 He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know
 None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

(FRENCH AIR)

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate —
The brightest, and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deepening gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.

Let's live it out — then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore!
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,
Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Tears starting,
At parting;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'rings far away from home,
With life all new before us;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.

Tears starting,
At parting;
Hearts beating,
At meeting;
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!
To some, how bright and fleeting!

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(French Air.)

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(Swedish Air.)

When Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath; —
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know — and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know? —
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath —but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do —
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

(Sicilian Air)

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour — I scarce knew whom —
And was bless'd — I scarce knew why.

Ay — those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIR)

BRIGHT be thy dreams — may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was — no charm forgot —
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven!

GO, THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

(Sicilian Air.)

Go, then — 'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;
'Twas sweet — 'twas false — 'tis fled!
Farewell! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see —
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh —
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(Swiss Air.)

O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While grots and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,

As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wand'ring youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.

Ah! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

OH, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Telling of joys that yet remain —
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, *'tis* that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly-promised hours?
Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness —
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray —
Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumberers!
They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.
Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery! —
The fallen oak lies where it lay,
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever.
Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
Woe to the conqueror!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(Sicilian Air)

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive —
Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even *thou* may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(Portuguese Air.)

Hymen, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling:
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying,
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"—
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;

" Here are gold ones — you may trust 'em " —
(These, of course, found ready custom).
" Come, buy my love-knots !
" Come, buy my love-knots !
" Some are labell'd ' Knots to tie men —
" Love the maker — Bought of Hymen.' "

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, " We're cheated !
" See these flowers — they're drooping sadly ;
" This gold-knot, too, ties but badly —
" Who'd buy such love-knots ?
" Who'd buy such love-knots ?
" Even this tie, with Love's name round it —
" All a sham — He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good breeding ;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to —
" Take back our love-knots !
" Take back our love-knots ! "
Coolly said, " There's no returning
" Wares on Hymen's hands — Good morning ! "

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(To an Air sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.)

See, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above, — the Holy,
Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.*

(SWEDISH AIR.)

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply,
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

* Suggested by the following remark of Swift's:—"The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game:
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on:
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever;

Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply.—
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh!

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near:
"Now, now, while there hover
"Those clouds o'er the moon,
"'Twill waft thee safe over
"Yon silent Lagoon."

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(Sicilian Air.)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did—
But, never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl;—though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scene of bliss gone by;—
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears!

FAREWELL, THERESA!

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that over
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee;
Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art thou now!

But here I free thee: like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell;
'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is breaking—
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
"Come, come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!"
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.
"I come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"I come, my love!—thine, thine till break of day."

Oh, weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him!

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(GERMAN AIR.)

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then, to every bright tree, &c.

The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true,
boy, true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining —
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And Love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR)

WHERE shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves! —
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

(MAHRATTA AIR.)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
 Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
 From the study of the table; —
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
 This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
 And is gone again next minute!

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
 The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
 The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
 Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
 Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
 Thro' yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
 To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
 Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
 My love hath kist in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
 Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
 My love hath kist in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breathed her soul to me,
 In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
 And joy to her the fairest!

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye,
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
'Twas on her lips, she found ye; —
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO — LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No — leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Could'st thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No — leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
No — leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

"WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,
"Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
"Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
"And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"
And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, mid the dim-shining ruins of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies:
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal:
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And tho', as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

"SLUMBER, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
"My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."
Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o'er her cheeks;
"If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."
Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

Bring the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying;
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime!
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last thro' flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.
Hark! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.

Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die —
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I!

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more — thou lov'st no more.

Tho' kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they wore;
Tho' fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same — thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before;
But now — alas! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

When abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,
To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?
No — no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;

But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd, " 'Tis She."
So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star, —
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Tho' far off I be :
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
FIX their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying loved thee still?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows:
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
"With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

When night brings the hour
 Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
 A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
 So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
 To tangle young hearts;
With lips, in whose keeping
 Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
 Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
 Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
 For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet:
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play:
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted!

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things —
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then — good-by Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care —
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gathered by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, tho' early, seemed always too late;
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,
Our partings, tho' late, appeared always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO?

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires,
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies *to* thee.
While Friendship, tho' on foot she come,
No flights of fancy trying,

Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already —
A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Every season hath its pleasures;
 Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
 Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
So Life's year begins and closes;
 Days, tho' short'ning, still can shine;
What tho' youth gave love and roses,
 Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
 All the Spring looked coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
 When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late;—she found her lover
 Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over,
 In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

If thou would'st have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies:
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year:
Would'st thou they still should shine as first they shone,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

SACRED SONGS.

TO

EDWARD TUITE DALTON, ESQ.

THIS FIRST NUMBER

OF

SACRED SONGS

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
May, 1816.

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

(AIR — UNKNOWN.*)

"The day is thine, the night also is thine thou hast prepared the light and the sun
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth thou hast made summer and winter"—*Psalm* lxxiv 16, 17.

THOU art, O GOD, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs Sheridan It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair"

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies*,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, GOD, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs; —
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR. — MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

LORD! thou didst love Jerusalem —
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage*,
Her power thy glory's throne†.

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies" — *Jeremiah*, xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory." — *Jer* xiv 21.

Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-lov'd olive-tree *; —
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness †,
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God.

"Go" — said the LORD — "Ye Conquerors!
"Steep in her blood your swords,
"And raze to earth her battlements ‡,
"For they are not the LORD's.

* "The LORD called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit," &c. — *Jer.* xi. 16.

† "For he shall be like the heath in the desert." — *Jer.* xvii. 6.

‡ "Take away her battlements, for they are not the LORD's." — *Jer.* v. 10.

" Till Zion's mournful daughter
" O'er kindred bones shall tread,
" And Hinnom's vale of slaughter *
" Shall hide but half her dead!"

* " Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter, for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."— *Jer* VII. 32.

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN)

WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No — wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

* These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula: — "Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata." — *Epist "Si tibi putem."*

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine.
No — Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.*

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.

* Ου γαρ κρυσοφορειν την δακρυουσαν δει. — *Chrysost Homil.* 8. *in Epist. ad Tim.*

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(Air. — Stevenson.)

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

OH THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

(AIR. — HAYDN)

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" — *Psalm* cxlvii 3.

OH Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear.
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(Air —Avison.)

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale*,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.

Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown —
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own.

Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bambrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31. 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after. the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR — STEVENSON.)

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, LORD! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

* Pii orant tacitè.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity:

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR. — AVISON *)

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances" — *Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.

* I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free!

* "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the LORD looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians." — *Exod* xiv. 24.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR — STEVENSON)

Go, let me weep — there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind. —
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.
Leave me to sigh.

COME NOT, OH LORD.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

COME not, oh LORD, in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire,
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation
Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;
O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these." — *Exod.* XIV. 20.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

(Air. — Stevenson.)

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept — and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious odours pour'd; —

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed —
That hair — those weeping eyes —

And the sunk heart, that inly bled —
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, would'st thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much*" and be forgiven!

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." — *St. Luke*, vii. 47.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My GOD! silent, to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My GOD! trembling, to Thee—
True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The LORD shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now? *
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie †;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye. ‡

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;

* "And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations" — *Isaiah*, xxv 7

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." — *Isaiah*, xxv. 8.

‡ "And GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain." — *Rev.* xxi. 4.

Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.*
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come†;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

* "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."— *Rev.* xxi 5

† "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."— *Rev.* xxii. 17.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR. — MOZART.)

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine *,
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all †,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, — "In Eden thus
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

* "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel." — *Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

† "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*." — 1 *Kings*, vi. 29.

When round thy Cherubs — smiling calm,
Without their flames — we wreathe the Palm,
Oh GOD! we feel the emblem true —
Thy Mercy is eternal too.
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above —
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

"When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames, for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which JEHOVAH confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind." — *Observations on the Palm.*

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

(AIR. — MOORE)

OH fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear

* In St Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken — "Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c. &c. — *De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem*

Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray, —
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

(Air — Handel)

Angel of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.*
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side!

* "Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy." *Prior.*

BEHOLD THE SUN.

(AIR. — LORD MORNINGTON.)

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky —
But oh how dim, how pale were those,
To His one burning eye!

So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night —
But, LORD, how weak, how cold were they
To Thy One glorious Light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

(AIR. — DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more? *
When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray —
Who, Mighty GOD, oh who shall bear that day?

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded —
"Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead!" †

* "And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that there should be time no longer."— *Rev.* x 5, 6.

† "Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment."

And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head *;
While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away†—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, "Depart from me for ever!"
To *these*, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"‡
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

* "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven — and all the angels with him"— *Matt.* xxiv. 30. and xxv. 31.

† "From his face the earth and the heaven fled away."— *Rev.* xx. 11.

‡ "And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c.

"Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."— *Matt.* xxv. 32. *et seq.*

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay —
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely —
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR. — STEVENSON)

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of GOD* —
In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod †
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain ‡,
His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew —
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A Chief, to GOD and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab." — *Deut.* xxxiv. 8.

† "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day" — *Ibid* ver. 6.

‡ "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." — *Moses' Song.*

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land — and died.*
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away.†
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

* "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither" — *Deut.* xxxiv. 4.

† "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—*Josephus*, book iv. chap. viii.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR — GERMAN.)

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in GOD's name saying —
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
"Earth has no sorrow that GOD cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come*;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb —
The glory of the LORD is on thee!

Arise — the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.†

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.‡

* "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee." — *Isaiah*, lx.

† "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."— *Ib.*

‡ "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
 Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
 To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee.*

See, who are these that, like a cloud†,
 Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
 Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me‡,
 The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
 And waft their gold and silver over.

themselves together, they come to thee. thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side" — *Isaiah*, lx.

* "The multitude of camels shall cover thee; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense" — *Ib.*

† "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" — *Ib*

‡ "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them." — *Ib.*

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace * —
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways †,
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright ‡,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But GOD, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

* "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious." — *Isaiah*, lx.

† "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise." — *Ib.*

‡ "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee but the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy GOD thy glory." — *Ib.*

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown —
Thy days of mourning all are ended.*

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand —
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal. †

* "Thy sun shall no more go down, for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." — *Isaiah*, lx.

† "Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands." — *Ib.*

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(AIR. — CRESCENTINI.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary —
What may that Desert be?
'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies —
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing —
What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.*

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell —
Who may that Spirit be?
'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there!

* In singing, the following line had better be adopted, —
"Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found."

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR. — NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first Thy Word awaked my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see —
All bonds of earth I sever —
Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison*,
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.

* "And, behold, the angel of the LORD came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands." — *Acts*, xii. 7.

And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,
Return to bondage? — never!
Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(Air. — Rousseau.)

Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence throned above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED?

(Air. — Hasse.)

Where is your dwelling, ye Sainted?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light?
Who the same kingdom inherits?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of Spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there?

Sages! who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze —
Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood —
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good —

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse —
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

(Air. — Anonymous.)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies —
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
 Who hymn, like Saints above,
No victor, but th' Eternal One,
 No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch
home *,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
From that time†, when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down‡, saw the kings of the
earth,
In the presence of GOD's mighty Champion, grow
pale —
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

* "And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches," &c. &c — *Neh* viii. 15.

† "For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so. and there was very great gladness" — *Ib.* 17.

‡ "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." — *Josh* x. 12.

Bring myrtle and palm — bring the boughs of each
tree
That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.*
From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
With a light not their own, through the Jordan's
deep tide,
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on† —
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!
Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch
home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

* "Fetch olive-branches and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths." — *Neh.* viii. 15.

† "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground." — *Josh.* iii. 17.

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

(Air — Haydn.)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal Home,

Upon whose portal yet they linger.
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas — doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship — love — shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(Air. — Novello.)

"War against Babylon!" shout we around*,
Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound† —
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters‡,
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!

* "Shout against her round about." — *Jer.* l 15.

† "Set up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms," &c. &c. — *Ib.* li 27.

‡ "Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, thy end is come." — *Ib.* 13.

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields*,
Set the standard of God on high;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance" our cry!
Woe! woe!—the time of thy visitation†
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!

* "Make bright the arrows, gather the shields . . . set the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—*Jer.* li 11, 12.

† "Woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation!"—*Jer.* l. 27.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening — of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments — I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet*, whose

* Lord Francis Egerton.

playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit* on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. NORTON it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,
November, 1831.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

" WHERE are ye now, ye summer days,
" That once inspired the poet's lays?
" Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
 " For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—
" Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,
" Whose only mocking trace remains
 " In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
 As, on the morning of that Fête
 Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom

Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites,

Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there —
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine —
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh! the light, the unhoped-for light,
That now illumed this morning's heaven!
Up sprung Ianthe at the sight,
Though—hark!—the clocks but strike eleven,

And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
(Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
And must retrench his golden rays —
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

" Calumnious thought! " Ianthe cries,
While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be — if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square —
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,

While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes —
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fête is to be held to-night —
That Fête already link'd to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)
Seem'd circled with a fairy light; —
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster, just come *out*,
To the old Premier, too long *in* —
From legs of far descended gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin —
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,

Collecting nightly, to allure us,
 Live atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
 Sets dancing thus, and calls "the World."

Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt and wines entice,
 And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice
 A spirit of coolness over all.

And now the important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,
The west-end "world" for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse *
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
 Of four-horse power, had all combined

* Archimedes.

Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,
Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call "Nobody," behind;—
No star for London's feasts to-day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray;—
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned!
Ev'n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all call'd to—prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square*—
That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Primeval Error still holds out—

* I am not certain whether the Dowagers of this Square have yet yielded to the innovations of Gas and Police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old *régime;* and would not suffer themselves to be either well guarded or well lighted.

Where never gleam of gas must dare
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt;—
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still:—
Soon as through that illustrious square
The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warn'd by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the day-light's westering beam,
The young Ianthe, who, with flowers
Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there;—
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry—

A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile — what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near — like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to *B alt*,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and — flies.
Tones of a harp, too, gently played,
Came with this youthful voice communing;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that inflictive process, tuning —
A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
He specifies "harps *ever* tuned." *

* ——— their golden harps they took —
Harps ever tuned. *Paradise Lost*, book iii.

She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger sister —
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in Morning Post much famed,
From a *divine* collection, named,
"Songs of the Toilet" — every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of feminine array,
Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last hat that Herbault's hands
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder — or expands
Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says: —

" Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
" That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
" Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
" This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
" The very notes themselves reveal
" The cut of each new sleeve so well;
" A *flat* betrays the *Imbécilles**,
" Light fugues the flying lappets tell;
" While rich cathedral chords awake
" Our homage for the *Manches d'Évêque*."

'Twas the first opening song — the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, to while away
The tiring-hour, thus warbled o'er:—

SONG.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below — the moon's above —
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

* The name given to those large sleeves that hang loosely.

Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below — the moon's above —
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but *one* so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
&c. &c. &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.

Thy every word shall be a spell,
 Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
 The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
 Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
 Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
 Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
 Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
 The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
 And catch his last smile e'er he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
 The golden eve its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames
 Now grouped around that festal board;

A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they'd robb'd both birds and bowers —
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flowed,
 Each sunset ray that mixed by chance
With the wine's sparkles, showed
 How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form exprest,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
 In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
 As masqueraders, to *disguise*,)
It yet was hoped — and well that hope
 Was answered by the young and gay —
 That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope; —
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,

And Friars, staunch No-Popery men,
In close confab with Whig Caciques.

But where is she — the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error.
" Where is she," ask'st thou? — watch all looks
As cent'ring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun — and she is there.
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you'd track her out:
As when the moon, close shawl'd in fog,
Steals as she thinks, through heaven *incog.*,
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light; —
For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow

Pledged in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (tho' few would think it),
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her ears —
And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd ne'er
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
Her goddess-ship approves the air;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gaily nods
As though she sate with all her train
At some great Concert of the Gods,
With Phœbus, leader — Jove, director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came —
A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;

And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his song,
Replied in chorus the gay throng: —

SONG.

SOME mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
But, as *I'm* not particular — wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay — humble and strange as my tastes may appear —
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank Heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper — your sages profound
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan:
But as we are *not* sages, why — send the cup round —
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To whoe'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of *new* pleasures! — give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the mean time, a bumper — your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span,
But, as we are *not* Angels, why — let the flask fly —
We must only be happy *all* ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
A flush that spoke him loth to die —

A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more?
Alas, it is that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;—
That Beauty, when least shone upon,
A creature most ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws;—
It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will *be*.

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
On the fair groups that, round and round,

From glade to grot, from bank to bower,
Now wander'd through this fairy ground;
And thus did Fancy — and champagne —
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd, at noon-day, plain,
Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to belles;
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide —
Astonishing old Thames to find
Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last shaft from Daylight's quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene;

And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
A band of mariners, from th' isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay: —

TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
The ocean-wave,
She mark'd it for the Free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
Whatever storms befall,
The island bark
Is Freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where every shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.

For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No — by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show —
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.

At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song:—

SONG.

SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flow'ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers;—
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to "Moses*;"—
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respires;
Till Mayerbeer for mercy sues,
And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased—the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,

* In England the *partition* of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit; by which means the indecorum of giving such names as "Moyse," "Pharaon." &c. to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris), has been avoided.

While light along the painted floor,
Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
Till—nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo!—most opportunely sent—
Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room—and scarce were there
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At *any* monsters, *any* where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the *he* thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small.
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
Must manage not to breathe at all.
The female (these same critics said),
Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
To hat of toadstool much akin—

That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However—sad as 'twas, no doubt,
That nymph so smart should go about,
With head unconscious of the place
It *ought* to fill in Infinite Space—
Yet all allow'd that, of *her kind*,
A prettier show 'twas hard to find;
While of that doubtful genus, "dressy men,"
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
Such *Savans*, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race—
To know what rank (if rank at all)
'Mong reas'ning things to them should fall—
What sort of notions heaven imparts
To high-built heads and tight-laced hearts,
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays—
Might now, if gifted with discerning,
Find opportunities of learning:
As these two creatures—from their pout
And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n out;

And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full fret and force;—
Like mites, through microscope espied,
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
The tempest of their souls to speak:
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

WALTZ DUET.*

HE.

LONG as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this Duet is a parody of the often-translated and parodied ode of Horace, "Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone—heighho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! &c.
Those happy days are gone—heighho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round through life we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,

I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I *levant* from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz, die!
Oh! ah! &c.
Thus round and round through life we'll go.
[*Exeunt waltzing.*

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil—
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto: —)
While thus the fiddle's spell, *within*,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there;—
While here a lighted shrubbery led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,

Cradled in foliage, but, o'er-head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood;
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither, to this embower'd retreat,
Fit but for nights so still and sweet;
Nights, such as Éden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall—
Hither, to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wildering noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To music's more ethereal joys,
Came, with their voices—ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call—
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark-ey'd nymph, array'd —
Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,
Bright Mona Lisa* — with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone —
With face, too, in its form resembling
Da Vinci's Beauties — the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
Now soft, as if suffused with sighs —
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful words: —

SONG.

Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying —
Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;

* The celebrated portrait by Lionardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting. — *Vasari*, vol. vii.

Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banish'd so long,
Chase them away — they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute — day is fast going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy lay.
Mark, how it fades! — see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide—
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glistening sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody —
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,

Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.

SONG AND TRIO

On one of those sweet nights that oft
Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,
Beneath my casement, low and soft,
I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night-breeze caught —
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
"Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of every strain,
I heard these burning words again —

" Oh, happy as the gods is he,
" Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
Each asking eye — nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float —
So rich with climate was each note —
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy with this soft theme: —

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;

And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute singeth best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till *thy* glance they see;
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.
Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light, boyish form, with trip
Fantastic, up the green walk came,
Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;

As though a live cameleon's skin
He had despoil'd, to robe him in.
A zone he wore of clattering shells,
And from his lofty cap, where shone
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
That rung as he came dancing on.
Close after him, a page — in dress
And shape, his miniature express —
An ample basket, fill'd with store
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;
Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
He laid it at his master's feet,
Who, half in speech and half in song,
Chaunted this invoice to the throng: —

SONG.

Who'll buy? — 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy? —
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Besides our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;

And nine-pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy? — 'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then — a tumble.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper,
While, for their heirs, we've *quick*silver,
That, fast as they can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner,
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But, whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than *we* can recommend you,
Why then (as we with lawyers do)
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
Who'll buy, &c. &c.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That show themselves, like grains of gold
In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
Behold where, opening far away,
The long Conservatory's range,
Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
But gaining lovelier in exchange,
Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah much-lov'd Supper! — blithe repast
Of other times, now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deployed his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
Put Supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now waked once more by wine — whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills, before they sing —
The minstrels of the table greet
The listening ear with descant sweet: —

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVEE AND COUCHEE.

CALL the Loves around,
Let the whisp'ring sound

Of their wings be heard alone,
Till soft to rest
My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
Let Fancy's beams
Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
Her spirit be
Like a summer sea,
Shining and slumbering too.
And, while thus hush'd she lies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
"Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright eyes."

But the day-beam breaks,
See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,
Like stars that wait
At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore.
Let the veil of night
From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,

Like mists that flee
From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
And, while her last dream flies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
"Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright eyes."

SONG.

If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
Nor to live but for those eyes:
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heaven,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
In this heart more pride 'twill raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
Than right, with all a world to praise!

But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buz of whispering round,
From lip to lip — as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look tow'rds yon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?

Thus runs the tale:—yon blushing maid,
Who sits in beauty's light array'd,

While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marriage Service,)
Is the bright heroine of our song,—
The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.

But no—earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.
And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
And love and silence blush'd consent.
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, house-maids, Turks, Hindoos,)
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie;
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,

Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Ducal shape—but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peru diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious—such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the Sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leaders' nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking
Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauties, late in lamp-light basking
Now, by daylight, dim and pale;

Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bored you keep
Time by nodding, nod to sleep.
Heads of hair, that stood last night
Crépé, crispy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well—thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And even a Ball—has but its night!

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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